

Fraction.

Time.

Stimily.

Cause.

Effect.

Duty. **THE BANK** Reward.

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Crude.

Swid.

Dollars.

Stock.

Y
Faith.

THE BANK.

BY REV. WILLIAM COOK. A. B.

AUTHOR OF

THE FRAGMENTS,
THE NERIAH,
AND THE EUCLEIA.
SALEM, NOVEMBER, 1862.

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1862

PREFACE.

This Bank would be made effective,
If individuals with heart and faith
Would now organize in numbers
Suitable for richest blessings
Of Union, of experience,
Of human work with Divine aid—
North, south, east and west aid would go
As every circumstance needs—
One Dollar for depositor,
Freedom's race recorded may be
To franchise in her beneficence.
Four millions freed from their bondage
In Freedom's Bank gladly will make
Four millions Dollar-Deposits
With thirty million — Loyal Stock
Increased as God-blessed Trade-waves roll,
And generations are recorded —
Twenty four years quadruple the Dollar.
Who is so traitorous as be
Opposer to this Union-Life?
I have read my poem to glad friends,
Requested, I now by my press
Publish it for consideration.
Nobis feliciter sors scenus vere bonum dat.

Translation.

Stock easily gives truly good interest to us.
William Cook. Salem, November, 1862.

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23

In support of this blood-tryed Union
 My verse brings vigorous life,
 Working as enterprise requires—
 Simple in form, yet wonderful;
 Small in germ, yet growing quick;
 Nourished by drops, yet ocean-like;
 The poor and forlorn's mites, yet nations' wealth;
 The babes' redemption, yet Statesmen's lore;
 Juvenile bands, yet heroic;
 The convicts' earnings, yet home's angels;
 Almshouse-Savings, yet trade's resource;
 Freedom's profits; yet slaves' franchise;
 One Dollar-source, yet Millions' Stock.
 Such is my unrivaled verse-theme
 As my harp lone hung breezes blew
 Tuning its life-cheering song strings
 To charm into effectiveness
 My Financial Institution,
 Uniting Yankee with Dixy,
 And assembling Angel-sabaoth
 To receive benevolent message,
 Empowered to remove obstacles,
 Lighten moral and mental darkness.
 Now, friends, we 'll clothe souls in truth-robes
 That will suit them in scenes of this age,

4 THE BANK.

And we will gain the grace for grace,
The power to use imparted power.
Yes, may that grace come as freely
As our life shall hourly require.
The good of all ages have thus prayed—
When we have served our earth's probation
Our gained aid will incite other hearts,
That the stream may flow on through ages—
So now in our day we ply the oar
To speed boat-friendship o'er the wave.
Boatman what edifice is that
On yonder pleasant starboard shore?

First Scene.

'Tis a bastile that none have down broke,
Where those, who slight freedom,
And scorn to wear virtue-yoke,
Live in sad durance-gloom.

Then Boatman ply the life-fraught oar,
While the riples splash the prow,
As the boat nears the rock-strong shore,
While the land breeze doth blow.

Now we are standing on the land again,
At the massive prison-door
We knock, right abmittance to gain,
Good into hearts to pour.

THE BANK, 5

Bolts strongly wrought now spring to unlock,
Harshly grate door-hinges,
Walls long and drear, piles of granite rock,
Show where sin plunges.

Judgee looks sadly upon us,
As philosophizing
In his case. sin's unfailing curse,
Curse hiding mercy-spring.

Soon face to face, then hand to hand,
Within his rocky room,
We, as hearts move hearts, closely stand.
Eyes to eyes pierce the gloom.

Praying for befitting wisdom,
I respectfully say,
Judgee, believing, you go from gloom
To Paradise to day.

His countenance speaks a doctrine,
That words weakly express,
How despair or hope holds life-line,
One or the other holds less.

To break the prison-mood-pause,
I in brief eloquence,
Introduce my Savings Bank-Cause
For his deliverance.

THE BANK.

His soul comes up to victor-task,
 His mind, his heart and his hands
 No more for motive force do ask,
 They grant joyous demands.

A hundred Dollars in prison earned,
 In twenty four rolling years,
 Will teach freed slaves by one hundred,
 Leave three hundred to home-peers.

Mercies-angel spreads out her wings,
 She mounts that strange prison,
 There in heavenly notes she sings
 A soul to God is won

Chorus.

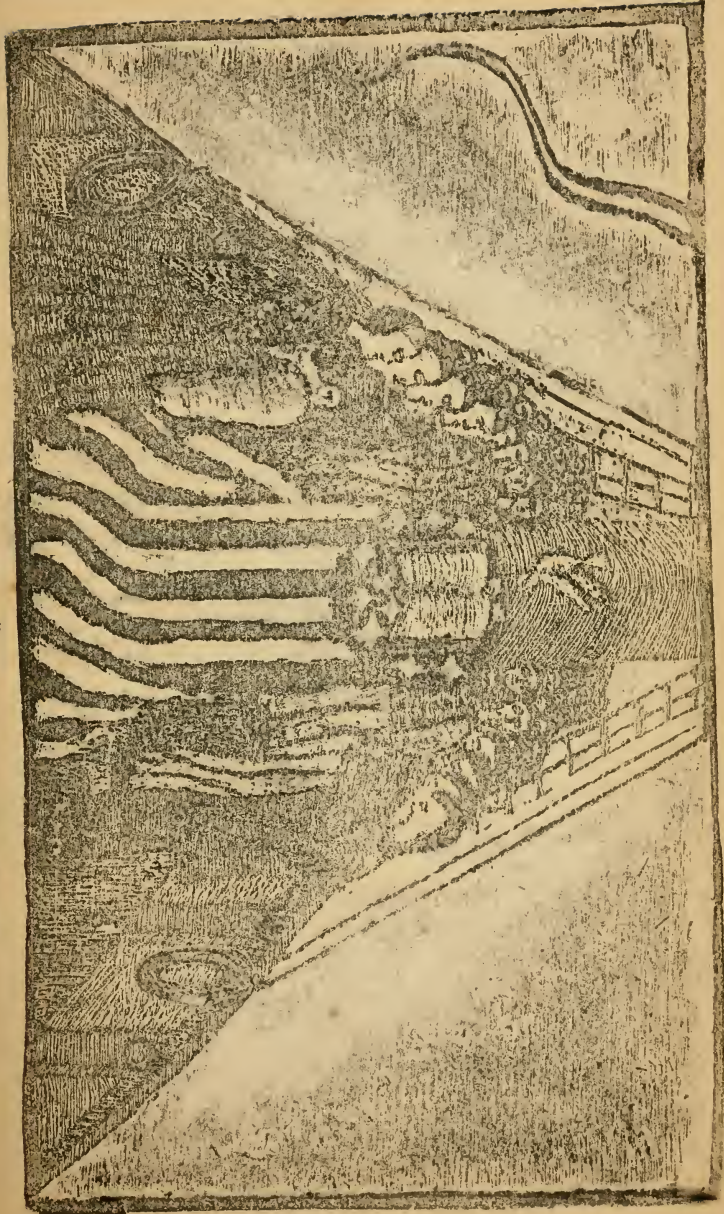
Speed the boat, ply the poet's oar,
 Down prison-river glide
 To where farther from shore
 We may awhile abide.

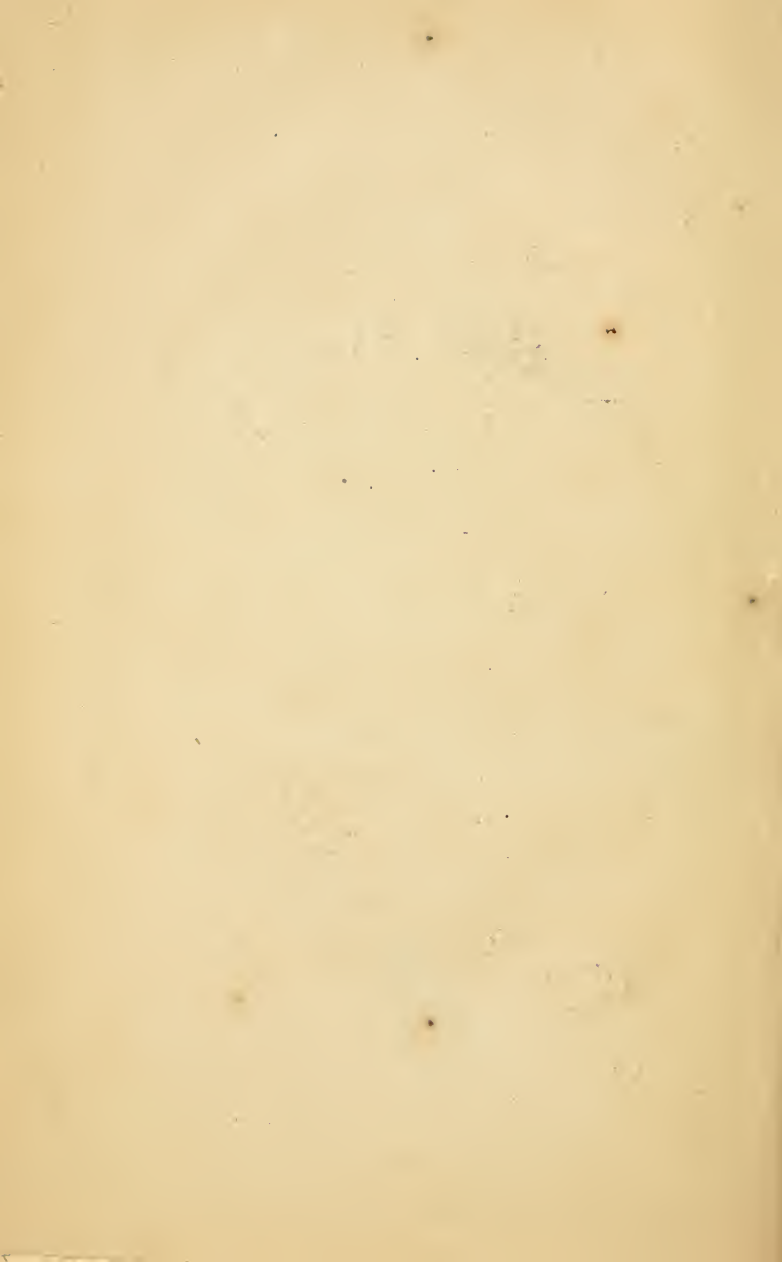
Second Scene.

On thalassa, the ocean, Yankee,
 Ship for speed like her name,
 Has her canvas trimed for Lord's Day,
 The breeze is heavenly balm,

On capstan, aloft, and from spanker
 Is in glorious use
 Red white and blue Star-Banner,
 The crew from work have truce—

As a birth brings a son.





THE BANK. 9

It is the hour when the crew worship God,
A bird with tired wings
Resteth upon The Divine Word,
And with Marine-quire†sings.

For we are also his offspring*
Is the coincident text.
From which the Chaplain doth bring
Truth for which times give zest.

Pointing to our Flag he doth say
God gave us that Banner,
By which he makes a family
Of us in good manner.

The bird flew to it for protection
So that bird 'll fly as free,
Children born under it 'll have free action,
Free on land or on sea.

One Dollar for each, for Bank-trade,
Counts fifty, told each one,
Till some more benevolence be made,
As a birth brings a son.

Yes, under our loved Star-Banner,
Adults with the newly born,
For our Bank, shall in this manner
Be recorded each one.

*Acts, 17: 29.

†Or choir

10 THE BANK.

For more new marine episodes
Valiant Porter's evergreen
Made on the rebels an arbor-load,
Iron fruit from tree-screen.

Bank-Dollars from those bold Marines
Will make e'en Dixy glad,
They make perennial my lines,
They 'll make classics not bad.

'Tis a truth that our Fleet kept cool—
While the Mississippi 'll flow,
From its mouth to its ultimathuele,
Pines 'll wave this truth to show.

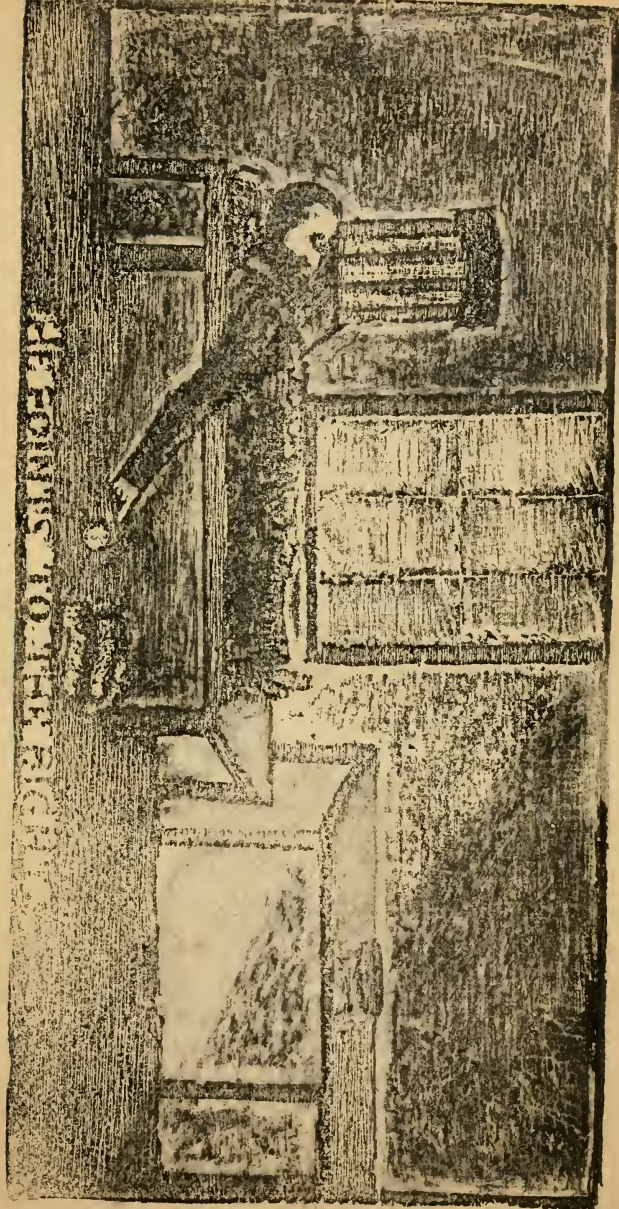
Chorus.

Be harmonious now my verse,
To other scenes be true,
Where Fortune seems to some adverse,
'Tis death or wounds in lieu.

Third Scene.

Valor-boy is in hospita',
Wounded, blood-clotted, stiff,
I speak, he doth not hear my call,
I speak not loud enough,

Death seems to have him, a prey,
Brave young Union-Soldier!
On his valor-couch he doth lie,
I speak to him louder,



THE HISTORY OF THE RICHES



THE BANK. 13

His eyeballs move, they give life-light,
So I gain-soul-converse
About my Bank— he points to the right,
Where, for the last life-reverse,

A dropped Dollar blood-bossed is shown—
That happy Soldier dies,
Years, repeating his worth, roll on,
His death-stock saved doth rise

Till a brother- Soldier needs alms.
The blood-bossed Dollar four's worth,
The Soldier of past battles embalms
In good his name hence-forth.

Chorus.

To the nation's heart let us resort
Wh re law-blood through her veins
Gives to all her members support,
Governs her joy and her pains.

Fourth Scene.

I am at Wasbington pleading,
President, Cabinet
And all Congress-men are listening,
Eloquent Dclars are sent.

Each Dollar is legislative,
And 'll live though speeches oft die,
It goes through time, good aid to give
When needing States shall cry.

Not only one for each goes hence,
 Dollars from loving hearts
 Go as freely and gladly as pence,
 To do efficacious parts.

Chorus.

Love not shining lumps of gold ore,
 To lead thy heart astray;
 But use God's gifts forever more,
 His blessed will to obey.

Fifth Scene.

O'er California-rock-rents.
 To make Miners' gain,
 On roll the waves, down rush the torrents
 Whence we Bank-stock obtain.

Gold-pocket gathers lumps and dust
 With heart much too sordid,
 A heart that cannot loose earth-rust.
 Although he is doth guild,

Till, on more heavenly spent day,
 The new modelled Bank-stock
 Is theme to Miners that way
 Sitting on boulder-rock.

Gold-pocket's heart breaks off old rust,
 Benevolence warms the blood;
 In Divine goodness he does trust,
 Gold his gain, not his God.

THE BANK. 15

Each dust-grain shall be angel's wing,
That through distant ages,
Here and there, blessings shall bring
For alms and honest wages.

The winter-rain is made Cashier
Yearly to secure Stock,
That on the vernal Plateau 'll appear
Safe on Christian faith-rock

Not only for living Miners—
But graves of dead brethren
Shall have willing almoners
Aiding widow and orphan.

An ounce of dust or shining lump
On each such grave they lay,
If one will not he is man dump,
That there 'll find sorrow's way.

Thus graves give to a free Union
What fond forms sleeping there
Win from each loving, living one—
The dead with the living share.

This offering secures good aid
To besnowed or sick men,
That have a wearing journey made,
Who else would have dead been.

16 THE BANK.

On mountain-hight, snow-capt summit,

A Caravan enters

A Rancho, and gladly finds in it

Journey-entertainers

Cold, hunger, and flesh-thinning sickness

Having disabled Path-hope,

He there finds nurses and quietness,

Angels wake tried faith up.

So they make his wilderness-way

Like sweet home's most blessed scenes—

Hence health makes no painful delay;

Minding sanative means.

Chorus.

Now, without jostling, fleet thought-steeds

To Southern Savaunas

Takes us to find delightful meeds,

Bliss that freedom 'll give us.

Sixth Scene

Dear Anna gather bananas,

Curly head, Samv, dash

To the brook flowing in date-palm-shade,

Fill full the large callabash.

Black eyed Susan to lemon-grove hie,

Into clean washed apron

Let drop rich fruit that with gold vie,

Juicy every one.

THE BANK.. 17

Come hoe-skilled John, bring good sugar,
Thou slavery-worn wife
The tables spread with bounteous care
To sustain strength of life.

Each one gives thanks to The Divine Giver
For all that he has done,
To him Hope consecrates ever
His wife, his daughter and son.

To the emancipated father
I give the right name, Hope,
His family met together,
His eloquence has scope.

It is glad time in Alabama.
Where freely earned Dollars
In good family hosanna
Chase slavery-horrors.

While good Planters pay for labor,
Our wages 'll be enough,
As we sustain the Union's honor
To drive evil far off.

Our portion in the National Stock
We gladly contribute—
Our benevolence shall unlock
Treasures for the destitute.

18 THE BANK.

We have labored in slavery—
Now God has broken our chain
We will display true bravery,
Nor wear fetters again.

We know how good is Southern soil;
For without freedom's right,
We have by a cattle called toil
Tilled it with all our might.

Now we deposit in good Bank
Our first freedom-wages—
We claim among men, in right rank,
To serve God all ages.

But let us strike true freedom-note,
Freedom gains the Capital,
Soon where-ever is cast a vote
May it give boon to all.

Chorus.

Our Bank shall aid good Emigrants—
We will over ocean
Echo converse of inhabitants,
Echo foreign sanction.

Seventh Scene.

Many times went John to Cork
To see his wife and children,
Travelling from Killarney in the dark
Or in moon light now and then.

THE BANK.

Entering his cot, his loved home,
Two heirs to his honor
Cries Daddy, good Daddy is come,
The wife washes in the corner.

John wipes tears off his sun-brown face,
Then, arms horizontal,
He grasps his sons with a home-grace,
They tip stools in a fall.

Wife, he said, in the good Yankee-land
These boys will get Dollars,
They have a Bank I understand,
That 'll make them rich and scholars.

Why, John, is that the way that you joke?
I have washed, day by day,
For some food to have our fast broke,
I get stint, any way.

Well, Mary, 'tis truth, that I say,
If we work Free South soil,
They will give us, at starting-day,
A hundred for our toil.

Swiftly sails the Emigrant-Ship,
More swiftly goes each heart,
That often in strong hope does dip
Into its life-sea-part.

20 THE BANK.

As the sun sinks below the wave
Their song over blue sea
Is music to angels, that save
Each goodly employee.

Increasing a free honest band,
Those angels will well guard
Their posterity, a free honest band,
To serve their Savior, Lord.

Chorus.

Come home, come home, O muse, of course,
One scene we will have there,
None never wears out, nor fails the verse,
In it all men should share.

Eight Scene.

On a balmy day of bright June
Voices all jubilant
In a soul-stirring, heart-fit tune
Their praise to God do chant.

The Clerks from every mart of trade
Mechanics ably quick,
Sailors with every rope belait
Come to make things go sleek.

To give a right charm to Bank-ideas,
To make popularity,
We have good untiring ladies
In our society.

THE BANK. 21

While idleness is showed a bane
To be eradicated,
With right faith, work is not in vain,
It is compensated.

It is known all over the land,
It is known o'er the blue sea,
That principle must bring each hand
To make prosperity.

One Dollar, for 'n individual,
Enbalmed by faith in God, **WINE 62**
Shall plant a root effectual
Beneath Zion's green sod.

Fives, tens, thousands, millions
Shall follow in the current
Through-out Free Union Dominions
To aid each good intent.

Organize then, in city-wards,
In rural villages,
Help Lazarus and Dives forward,
For Bank priviligés.

If healty freeschool-schollars,
By voluntary labor,
Refund to Almoners their dollars—
The weak shall retain favors.

96 THE BANK.

**As Brave Union-manumiters,
Releasing their bondmen,
Tore from our flag-stars fell slavery
We 'll bless them ten times ten—**

**After years of free enterprise
And Free State-intelligence
The Bank-Cause will afford them supplies,
Life-flow of benevolence.**

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